

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

MARCH 1, 1935



**THANKS, MR. HEARST,
FOR MR. STRACHEY**

**FAIRIES, ANGELS AND
BUTCHERS**

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

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NEXT WEEK

JOSEPH BARA on the Jackson strike.

"TRIAL BY STOOL-PIGEON." Ella Winter tells the story of the Criminal Syndicalism cases in Miraculous Sacramento.

"A SOCIAL EINSTEIN," by Dick Deadeye.

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NOTES AND COMMENT

THE Hearst press, the Industrial Association, the American Legion and the policy of intimidation went down to ignominious (if temporary) defeat last week. John Strachey, whom these guardians of culture and liberty had tried to silence, spoke in San Francisco. (He also spoke in Berkeley.)

The lobbies of the Filmarte Theatre and the street outside buzzed for hours before the lecture. People came pouring in, more people and more.

It was like a first night. And when Strachey came on the platform, tall, broad-shouldered, in immaculate evening dress and British accent, the applause was deafening. The lecturer had to take a bow before John Barry could introduce him.

What he said was not so very subversive after all. He told the familiar story of poverty amidst plenty in new and delightful ways; he showed how capitalism must distribute mass purchasing power to get anywhere, but that that was just what it couldn't do and remain capitalist—"production for profit." The lady in the next row remarked: "It looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it?"

The audience was delighted, responsive, alive. It felt as if there were a bond between the 1700 individuals there. "We" had been through danger together; "we" had braved the concerted might of fascist reaction and onslaught on culture in our home town, and "we" had won! The big bad wolf



had huffed and puffed, but our little house was built of bricks after all. It was a heartening and impressive illustration of what liberals can achieve if they will work together and show they care enough for the "old American traditions" and the pioneer virtues of courage and persistence. Mr. Dannenbaum of the Liberal Forum is especially to be congratulated.

The question period, which Mr. Strachey encouraged, brought many chuckles. The lecturer showed a ready tongue. "What is the relation between war and fascism?" "I think it's a very intimate relation," confided Mr. Strachey.

"Why were the State workers told they would be fired if they came to your lecture?" No answer was necessary.

"Why did they try and stop you from speaking?" ran several.

"Do you consider the Hearst press the spear-head of fascism in this country and do you think one method of fighting fascism would be to boycott the Hearst papers and their advertisers?" ran one in Berkeley.

There were some social credit questions, queries about the Hitler purge and the Kirov "purge," and liberal queries about whether a resolute reformism in the NRA couldn't do the job. Mr. Strachey answered all the questions in uncompromising Marxian terms and was applauded to the echo. The Soviet Union, he explained, had done this particular job of distribution, and that was what there was to be learned from Russia. Members of the Industrial Association in the audience were observed to listen attentively.

Mr. Strachey is giving 60 lectures in a cross-country tour, Mr. Hearst. You did a swell job in advertising him.

Is there no law against contributing to the delinquency of a people? We protect minors on the basis of their physical age. Why not protect adults on the basis of their mental age from the seductive wiles of the Western Union Telegraph Company?

Gaze at the evidence that could be used as People's Exhibit A to convict this company and sentence it to slow torture:

A folder was issued by the Western Union just before the recent Valentine's Day which bore this statement in the background of a pink heart, apparently suffering from fatty-degeneration:

Youth, in search of something different, found the VALENTINE TELEGRAM. In its swift flight from heart to heart, the telegraphic Valentine suggests sweet intimacies of sentiment. Dressed in colorful decorations of the romantic period, it says with emphasis that the sender pays that extra respect which the telegram always carries. Delivery by uniformed messenger on Valentine's Day adds the dramatic touch.

And then on the other side there were, among other "intimate" messages to select from and send palpitating over the wires "from heart to heart" these:

201 It's not the frills and laces that make a Valentine.

It's the message of affection straight to your heart from mine. (21)

205 You've put my heart in such a flutter, I wire the love my lips would utter. (19)

- 208 At miles between us we can laugh, our hearts entwined by telegraph. (12)
- 211 With a dash, a dot and then a stop,
Insert three words of mine.
Please name the date, the hour, the spot
And be my Valentine. (26)
- 212 Oh sweetheart mine, with ways divine, won't you be my Valentine? (11)
- 214 Wire back, this address, send collect, one word, YES. (9)
- 215 Lively as the rest, pretty as the best; greetings, Mother. (10)

The figures at the end of each of these delicate messages represent the number of burning words therein. We suggest that these be added in the fifteen sentiments offered and that that total number of lashes be administered to the possessor of the brilliant mind which conceived the thing, and that the said person then be thrown into the dankest cell along with the florist who invented Mother's Day.

THOSE threats which Governor Merriam and the Sacramento trial judge Dal M. Lemon report the reception of, cannot come from Communists, you know. The Communist Party forbids all violence. Over and over again this known fact has been published, but the Fascist in us cannot help believing the other side must use violence.

A SOVIET doctor does not tell a worker who is sick that he ought to go to Florida or California or the Crimea. He sends him there. That's why American doctors say they can practice medicine in Russia. They can practice what they preach.

OUR WIFE called to us the other night when we arrived home late from labor and sleepily required us to put the dog in the kitchen, the milk bottle out and be sure the gas floor-heater was turned off. We didn't do any of these things—not right away we didn't—but instead barged right into the bedroom, switched on the bed light, stood over her menacingly and, armed with a slip of paper on which we had noted a few figures, informed her of this:

In the constellation Andromeda there is, or was, a spiral

nebula. We can see it. It is a lot of stars, or what we call stars. But what we see is not what it is, but what it was—800,000 years ago. In other words, the light we see up there has taken 800,000 years to reach us. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. There are 360 seconds in an hour, 24 hours in a day and 365 days in a year. Thus, there are 3,153,600 seconds in a year and, also thus, light travels 584,569,600,000 miles in a year. In 800,000 years it would travel, or has traveled, 469,655,680,000,000,000 miles. In other words, or figures, that spiral nebula in the constellation Andromeda is 469,655,680,000,000,000 miles away from us.

Now, do you know what the wife's answer was?

"Put the dog in the kitchen, the milk bottle out, and be sure the gas floor-heater is turned off."

CROWD-ORGY

HUSTLING, bustling, shoving, pushing
Torn nerves, worn nerves carry on.
Fretting, fuming, stressing, struggling
Humans on the rack are born.

Whistling, clanging, shouting, dinning
Blasts from auto horns resound.
Thundering, noisy, piercing, deafening
Travel, traffic, racket-bound.

Worry, flurry lacerating
Hearts wrung on the wheel of strife
Irritating, nauseating
Grows the daily whirl of Life.

Bothering, boring, burdening, vexing
Crowds move on beset with fear,
Plaguing, pestering, irksome, troubling
Faces wan with eyes grown bleary.

Faces smiling; faces crying
Odd grimaces everywhere.
Faces charming; faces souring
Faces fixed with wearied stare.

Footsteps fleeting, hobbling, limping
Shuffling, wabbling, tottering by,
Tripping, lingering, rushing, slouching
Crowds move on with smile and sigh.

Pleasure, sorrow, business-burdening
Hate and love with joy and strife,
Sighing, yearning, wishing, willing
Make the warp and woof of Life.

Puppets, economic-driven
Manikins of joy and pain
Sweating, groaning, Croesus-ridden
Gargoyled slaves of Loss and Gain.

Surging crowds, stampeding onward
Puffing, blowing out of breath
Goaded on by cry of "Forward"
Rushing on to rest in Death.

—ALBERT L. VAN HOUTTE

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LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

JOHN STRACHEY, the radical English orator who speaks so gently, gracefully, and reasonably, factually, that big audiences are sometimes disappointed because they go in vain to hear "something terrible", was in Carmel last week-end and proved to be more interesting personally than philosophically. The course of his intellectual development is peculiarly that of the times. A sincere aristocrat at the university he became first a Laborite, then, like Germany and Italy, he went Fascist and only after that became a Communist sympathiser. In other words, he has in his person gone through the future history of our civilization and landed where he thinks we will land.

A PRACTICAL man is one who "practises the blunders of his predecessors." Disraeli said that, or something like it, in one of his novels. Showing that it was true in his day, too.

MASSACHUSETTS HAS a governor named James M. Curley, who knows how the game is played, perfectly. He arose out of the Irish gang which used to govern Boston and, therefore, he knows business and business men up to the sky. Big business men are finding Curley's experience very inconvenient, sometimes embarrassing. Now I see by the papers that the Boston police commissioner finds it so; he has resigned on the eve of ouster proceedings promoted by the governor who knows something about the police business too. There is nothing, of course, like the Tammany graft of New York in Boston, not a thing. Boston and Massachusetts are in New England, which is more like Old England: respectable and noiseless. Just the same, if I hadn't lost my muckrake I would hurry off to Boston to get that police story and, by the way, watch Curley meet and deal with some of the finest business men in the whole wide world. If ever there were gentlemen in business, one would find them there.

For some reason, the voters of Massachusetts turned down one of them, to prefer and promote ex-mayor Curley. I have a theory to explain that act of the common people.

IT IS NOT common knowledge, but it should be, that the Communist Party proposes to tear down, not our government, but only our civilization and even that only when the Party has a majority. I state this comforting fact for the reassurance and smoother beauty of the frightened faces I see here and there and to calm the violent words I read in the daily press. There's no hurry; the "Revolution" is not like our prosperity, just around the corner. Indeed, I think I can say that any revolutionist will tell you that if we can make our system work for a majority no revolution will come at all, at all.

I WOULD like to join the movement for bigger and better prisons in this fair state. It may be selfish of me, but with both crime and criminals and business improving, I can see the need of prevision. Our useless universities might be adapted to this lawful use, or San Simeon.

BRISBANE SAYS very gently that the Supreme Court's practice of vetoing legislation is unconstitutional. He goes by the written Constitution; Hearst or some advertiser should

wire him to look up "Custom" which is the backbone of the unwritten Constitution of our mother England.

U. S. S. MACON is down, and out. But we do resent the offer of Germany to provide a lighter than air ship to take its place. One that will stay up and fly.

CARMELITES GOT together one Saturday night a week ago and liked it and were likable. It was only on music, but they got so well together that the musicians who were talking musically to them became enthusiastic. It has always seemed to me that in a town of our size, we should develop audiences that can applaud; audiences that can express themselves, not merely sit and sit and sit. And one reason for learning how to applaud was illustrated that Saturday night when our applause improved the music and made the musicians do something that they didn't intend to do; play well. In a word it paid. It was a Stravinsky concert of Stravinsky music, played by Dushkin accompanied by Stravinsky.

AT EL CENTRO, we read that as the striking union men approached, the non-union men picked up their guns and—the union men were arrested.

EX-PRESIDENT HOOVER went out of his way down to Emporia on his trip home and called on Old Bill White. I suppose William Allen White isn't called Old Bill any more. He's probably younger now, but I went down to Emporia once, I asked for William Allen White and nobody knew him in that town where the Emporia Gazette was the leading if not the commanding paper.

"Oh," said White when I found him. "You should have asked for Old Bill White, he's known here; nobody ever heard of William Allen except you tender-feet and our post-master."

OUR LONDON correspondent reports that in the matter of Abyssinia it is reported that there is general suspicion that the latest raid down there was in fact engineered by the Djibouti railway directors with the idea of being able to work up some popular feeling in France to support an Italian adventure to be undertaken as a move to put down banditry. And "Lord Rothermere."

THE UNITED STATES Supreme Court split itself into two parties to uphold the Administration and outlaw gold. The minority opinions are expressively sincere and conservative, but history has to move on; it cannot wait for law and order so the majority of five had to be firm and unconstitutional. Let reason follow, not lead us.

PRISON BREAKS are as common as crime these days, and far less sensible. One can understand why people should want to break into jail where, alone, there is security in idleness, but why they break out here where we are in such doubt and danger is beyond human nature.

RUSSIA BY barter is turning her oil and manganese into German machinery; not money for millionaires; and by the way, not into American over-produce. \$100,000,000 business gone from us there.

ROBINSON JEFFERS has half a mind to build another tower, just to keep his hand in and use his big bony body. Una, his other half, has no use for a second tower so it won't be built, I guess. Too bad. The poet would like to do something useless.

SODA SEEKERS AT THE SORBONNE

BY ANNE ACKERMAN

WHO are the "soda seekers"? Had you studied in Paris you would know. They are the "Babbitts" from the States who feel that they could not swallow a "parfait" when they crave an ice cream soda. The French have answered the needs of those who seek America on her soil. Penny's famous soda-fountain is a favorite haunt of homesick Americans who are fed up with sipping beers and wines in side-walk cafés. Those who are particularly guilty of "soda seeking" are the American University students who go abroad with the idea that they are going to find a system of education similar to their own and if they don't they are going to show the French how to do it.

Lately I happened to hear a lecturer who was making a tour of all our universities for the purpose of informing students where and how to study in France. She was thoroughly acquainted with the American system of education and tried to make the French university appealing to us by pointing out its similarity to our own. When she had convinced us that the French had adopted our standard of education and that we could feel just as much at home abroad as we do in our own universities we were, of course, intensely taken by the idea of spending a great deal of money to travel 6,000 miles to live exactly the same life to which we had been accustomed. The lecture over, we were shown scenes of dormitory life in modern surroundings modeled unmistakably after our own—recreation centers where young men and women mingled freely in American abandon without chaperonage. There was one picture showing students of both sexes in bathing suits beside a pool in a pose such as one would expect to find in a Mack Sennett comedy. It was quite obvious that the pupils who lent themselves to this scene had never before indulged in such an ultra-American pastime. Do we need these lures to inveigle us to study abroad and must we expect when we travel to find the very things we left behind us?

If a student desires his course of both study and recreation lucidly presented, there are innumerable pamphlets and catalogues such as "How to Study Abroad" and "The American Student in Paris", etc. These give you everything from the barest factual outline to a detailed account of what to do with every spare moment. Most enlightening, but Heaven help you if you expect to exercise your very efficient American tactics on the French. Still another suggestion is to do absolutely nothing until you get to your destination and then see the fun you'll have finding your way around in a foreign city with your strange language. The way of the uninformed student is difficult, and entails a lot of beating around the bush, but these experiences, don't forget, are much more important than the illuminating facts which they cram down your unwilling throat at the Sorbonne. Of course, you may be spared these embarrassing experiences should you for a very reasonable price, put yourself into the hands of a Thomas Cook's Travel Agency, and thus sell your soul in exchange for your petty physical comfort.

When I boarded the steamer bound for Paris, all I knew about where I was going was the general direction, and I let the captain worry about that. As to what I was going to do when I got there, that was very simple. I was going to study at the Sorbonne. I glanced over the catalogue and saw: "Take special working materials. If anyone is fussy as regards the

quality of his carbon or typing paper, pencils or make of typewriter, he will save time and infinite annoyance by taking his own with him. American typewriters are more expensive abroad, but one may rent one with a French or American keyboard for about three dollars per month." In disgust, I tossed the catalogue aside. The vulgar materialism of it all! I was on the road to romance. I was going to live in an old world atmosphere where, for many centuries, the pilgrims of intellectual life had congregated. When Abelard, as a young man, came to Paris in 1100, there were some five hundred students of which the Sorbonne could boast. Each attended the lecture of the particular professor he fancied, paying the fees yet owning neither text books nor material. Here was I, however, supposed to bring a portable typewriter! Truly it was beyond my power of imagination to conceive of Ignatius Yoyola, Erasmus, and John Calvin on their way to the Sorbonne, Corona in one hand; eight by eleven paper in the other.

Today the pilgrim is the American undergraduate student. As a typical one, my embarrassment was extreme when I barged into the Sorbonne and asked to be directed to the registrar. I was sent from office to office but there seemed to be no one who fulfilled that function. When finally I ran across someone who, though he called himself by a different name, performed the duties of a registrar, I was immediately turned over to his secretary. Surely, I thought, the young lady will explain everything, instead of which, she looked at me, very cleverly deducted that I was an American, reached for the files, and handed me at least five booklets obligingly written in my own language. This, at least, was a sign of encouragement for I had given up trying to decipher the "Livret de l'Étudiant". I returned to my hotel and spent the remainder of the week trying to decide on the best course for me to take. Finally, I ran across the following: "Americans are strongly advised to spend at least one semester in a university in the provinces before braving the distractions of Paris. However, many prefer to plunge immediately into the *Cours de la Civilisation* which is planned especially for foreigners. No credentials are necessary, but even for this the ability to read and understand the lectures, and to write and speak French is essential." As the name implies, the civilization course is designed with the purpose of giving foreigners some insight into French life, art, history and literature.

But again beware, O ye "soda-seekers", that you are not in search of campus life, of intimate soirées with your professors, or of anything in the way of organized athletics, for you will not find it here. You have all Paris for a playground, and surely you have no need to worry as long as there are travel agencies! They will tell you about the clubs to join, the societies to enter and of all the benefits one derives from such institutions as the "Association d'Accueil aux Étudiants des États-Unis" or the "American University Women's Club" and many others. For those students who wish to live in a dormitory, the most desirable are: The "Fondation des États-Unis", the fine new American building at the Cite Universitaire, "Reid Hall", 4 Rue de Chevreuse, and the "Maison des Étudiants", 214 Boulevard Raspail. Here you will probably feel very much at home among people of your own kind, who speak your own language, and there will be absolutely no danger of your being exposed to anything French. The alter-

native is to find a French family (and there are many of them) who will offer you the hospitality of their home in exchange for monthly payments. This is a very common procedure in France, and also one of the most fascinating experiences that an American student can enjoy abroad. But be very careful about your selection. I do not advise anyone to get a printed list of the available homes indexed as to location and ranged according to price, and then jump at the one which sounds the best. One cannot measure one's happiness in a French

home on any material basis. Do not look for modern conveniences, for bright sunny rooms, nor stylish "quartiers". You will be much happier on the Rue St. Jaques with the modest Madame Rollin who will treat you as she would her own son or daughter, than you think you would be with the Marquise de Rochochart on the Avenue Victor Hugo, who will be as constantly horrified by your "Americanisms" as you will be by her persistently disagreeable way of being French.

WHAT PRICE IMMORTALITY?

BY GEORGE HEDLEY

PLATO was wrong. Logic is wrong. Wordsworth was wrong. I was wrong... And, believe it or not, the Church is right. All of which I learned, with the pardon of my sins, on Telegraph Hill at four o'clock on a Sunday morning.

But before I go further, let me warn the literally-minded that they may as well pass this up. Moving in the realm of truth rather than in that of fact, it will mean nothing to them.

Now to the case against Plato *et al*: Plato, holding that the soul was inherently immortal, posited a hitherto as well as a hereafter. The Church, seeking a compromise between Jewish physical-resurrectionism and Greek metaphysical idealism, recognized the hereafter only. (The doctrine of the pre-existence of Jesus, as it appears in the writings of Paul and John, is a special case—and is itself Hellenic in atmosphere.) Logic supports Plato: if immortality is an inherent quality of the soul, a beginning in time is quite as unthinkable as an ending. Wordsworth, finding his 'Intimations of Immortality' in his 'Recollections of Early Childhood', was definitely Platonic. Thus sentiment and reason combined against the Church—and until Sunday carried me with them.

The whole debate, of course, rests upon the assumption of the soul's immortality *sui generis*. It turns out that Plato was wrong in making the assumption, and that the Church is right because it has actually—*pace* the Platonic theologians—disregarded it. What I learned on Telegraph Hill is that human souls are not immortal by their nature, but that they may become immortal by rebirth—and that, not impossibly, at a point in time.

Here I fall back on the mystic who wrote the Fourth Gospel: "This is life eternal—that they may know thee, the only true God." Eternal life is thus not quantitative but qualitative; a matter not of duration, but of kind. I know as little as ever I did (exactly nothing) about the aspect of quantity; but the Telegraph Hill theophany has taught me the meaning of quality.

Being a mystic experience, this theophany is not susceptible of verbal transmission. It may be possible, however, to discern enough of its background and constituent parts to make it in measure comprehensible. The Bay was in it, a blue blackness bordered in yellow lights and studded with the blinking red beacons on the bridge towers. Music was in it, as the radio reiterated "The Isle of Capri" and as we talked of Beethoven—of whom more in the peroration. The personal was in it: there were three of us, long bound in the ties of friendship, now united in a whole much greater than the sum of its parts. The impersonal was in it: the stars and the water and the dim

reaches of eternity. Comfort was in it, and horror—the warmth of the crackling fire, the squalor of Hooverville at the foot of the cliff. Everything was in it: wherefore the meaning of everything was suddenly to us revealed.

We were tired, all of us. We had worked all day; one for private commerce, one for the SERA, one for the freedom of seventeen kids in Sacramento. We should have been asleep long hours before. Instead we talked; and as the midnight passed we knew we had to talk it through.

This is, we saw, a dualistic universe—"where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Ahura Mazda and Ahri-man, deities of light and darkness, contend as fiercely over Yerba Buena as they ever did in Ispahan. Stupidity still scatters meaningless blobs of paint upon the clear-limned picture. We ourselves, capable of love, of rapture, of creation, devote ourselves to bickering, to routine, to triviality; nor will the world permit that we do any other. How, in the face of this, are we to find our souls? What price immortality?

And then and thence there came the revelation: that the soul is born, and so becomes immortal, as it faces all the squalor, as it admits the presence of the dirt, as it sees the trivial as the essence of the everlasting. The Gita knows three ways to salvation—*bhakti*, *gnana*, *karma*. *Bhakti-yoga* is the way of emotion; *gnana-yoga* the way of knowledge; *karma-yoga* the way of action. Ultimately this last is the way Arjuna is obliged to take—he cannot come to peace until he's fought the battle. Ultimately, too, the Ephesian interpreter selects this way: "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine."

We looked at Sacramento. Who are the free souls there? McAllister, who represents "the people" on the appointment of the Attorney-General and at the insistence of a "group of prominent Sacramentans"? Parker, whose press connections make California believe not what happens, but what Hearst would like to have happen? Or seventeen people who, after six months in jail, face a lifetime in the penitentiary?... Who knows the name of Epictetus' owner? But Epictetus, the slave, is immortal; for while his body was in bondage, his soul was born.

Two items of procedure matter. One is that there are seventeen in Sacramento, and that there were three of us. A single sensitive imagination means a lot; but the interplay of minds and hearts means growth for all. Harry writes SERA checks, and sees in each the story of a life. Janice sells shoes in a bargain basement—the haven of the poor who aren't quite destitute as yet. I spend my days with prosecuted Communists, with discharged workers, with soon-to-be-deported aliens. Together, escaping for the evening from details, we

faced the issue as a whole: we saw it all together, and all as one.—So also in Sacramento the seventeen have learned from one another, have given to each other; THE SEVENTEEN is more than are the seventeen.

The other factor is that—may I use the churchly phrase?—of self-surrender. "Let go," cried Janice, "let go!" Not to "accept the universe" in the passivity of the young lady scorched by Carlyle, but to yield to life—to life as it is—without reservation and without thought of retreat; to yield to all of life, to music and to discord, to darkness and to light, to the trivial and to the sublime, to love and to sorrow; to yield one's thought, one's heart, one's action. *Les Preludes* of Liszt, shilly-shallying for a quarter of an hour, at the last resolves all the broken, tentative melodies into one march of full

and crashing chords. "In the battle," says Lamartine, "one loses consciousness of one's self; and so finds the fullness of his being."

Now Beethoven, and then a revival service. What are the ultimate five minutes of the master? Not the Hymn to Joy, though joy has never thus been hymned by mortal man; but the *Marcia Funebre* of the "Eroica". Am I right? Oh, you who think me wrong, listen to all the symphonies again.

—The girl knelt at the altar-railing briefly, and arose. "Jesus," she smiled, "has saved me." The old evangelist took her by the shoulders, pushed her down: "No, honey, no; you ain't cried enough yet."

—What price immortality? Have we cried enough?

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

CHAPTER ONE

(Continued)

IF I EVER should find the urge to burn incense before a shrine I would enthrone a five-cent typewriter eraser and burn away. It is in my fancy that a nickel eraser, as a direct agent, did more for me in my urge to be a newspaperman than any other single material medium. The personal, spiritual medium was Stuart Galbraith Masters. In the immediate neighborhood of Stu Masters in my memory are the eraser and a broken window.

I had been working three years as a newspaperman of a kind. Bill Cox and Harris Bishop had burned the general rules into me and I had gradually learned the unwritten laws. I knew the police by their first names and could play cards in the morgue and keep my mind on the game. I had learned that screams in the emergency hospital were of less concern to the doctors and internes than low moans, and that it is easier to get a hard story from a woman than a man. I could see a hypodermic needle puncture unbleeding flesh without also seeing black and I could search among mangled clothing for an identification. I was pretty well broken in, I thought, and then I went to work in the Oakland office of the San Francisco Chronicle and met Stu Masters. And now somewhere in San Francisco—it used to hang on the wall of the Newspapermen's Club at Geary and Stockton streets—is an enlargement of a photograph of Stu Masters. I have never been able to look at it without tears flooding to my eyes. I don't know to what heaven Stu has gone but it's pretty much of a heaven to those who know him there.

Stu was head of the Oakland staff of about three men, and a girl doing society. The Chronicle office was at Fifteenth and Broadway in Oakland. The business department shared the ground floor space with a real estate agent and our editorial room was on a mezzanine floor in the rear. Stu's desk was over in one corner on the Fifteenth street side and at his side, rising about three feet from the floor—was a window out onto the street. When he whirled his swivel chair to face the room the window was at his back. These details have a meaning.

The first day I worked for Stu I was handed some rehash to do—clippings from the afternoon papers to be re-written and cut down for the Chronicle. The Chronicle, I remember, always used yellow copy paper in those days. It was said that it was easier on the eyes of the linotype operators. I went to work and soon walked over to Stu and laid down on the desk before him a sheet of copy. He glanced at it and then looked up at me in surprise.

"What's that?" he asked mildly.

"Copy," I replied, with a broad grin. I had heard his reputation for unexpected humor and thought this was leading up to a sample of it.

"Copy?" he exclaimed, taking the sheet into his hands. "What are those?" He pointed to a line of x's here and there splotching the sheet where I had x'd out errors.

I didn't have time to answer that one. He handed the sheet back to me. "Got a nickel?" he asked. I had. "Go downstairs to the stationery store and buy a nickel eraser and come back and use it. Whenever you make an error erase it, and don't go on until you have erased it. That stuff's not copy." He pointed contemptuously at the sheet in my hand.

I went out and bought my eraser and came back and went to work again, but I was damned sore about it. Here I was a full-fledged newspaperman and this fellow thought I was a school boy. This was too much. I was ready to walk out of the place and not come back. Trying to make a fool out of me.

But I decided to stay after I had cooled down a bit, and I struggled with the eraser. And then a funny thing happened. For several days I assiduously used that eraser. I never realized how many times I had made mistakes in my copy. I wore that eraser down to a ball in hardly any time at all, but suddenly I noticed that the ball was not getting any smaller. It remained a ball and, too, it remained for whole long stories on the desk at my side without my touching it at all. In fact, I never did use up that eraser. It eventually rolled off onto the floor and disappeared—and I was writing clean copy, clean from beginning to end. Page after page of clean copy.

It was then that I discovered another thing. I discovered

that I could come hot-footing it in from a fire, or a murder, or a train wreck, or a court story and sit down at my typewriter without hesitation and bang out my story, in takes, sometimes for the telegraph, or for someone else to phone. And then I found, too, that in times when a dead line was to be straddled I could grab the telephone and dictate as good a story as I could write.

It was that eraser. It had taught me to write clean copy, and by teaching me that had taught me to think clean and clear, without hesitation, accurately, speedily. From that time on, until I branched off from regular reporting to editorial work and copy-reading, I could write a story of three and four pages without so much as a comma out of place, and never with a word wrong or a name mis-spelled. And I have noticed that the best newspapermen write clean copy, because they think clearly and swiftly at the same time. One day in the San Francisco *Examiner* news room when I was still much of a cub, I remember seeing copy written by Ken Adams and Fred Brant, star men on the paper then, and it was as clean and clear as a professional stenographer's, with even paragraphs. And later when I found myself teaching news writing in a high school I bore down on that with all my might. I don't know how many of my pupils learned to do it, but those who didn't haven't gone far, I'll wager.

Gideon Davis, a veteran newspaperman of the East Bay district, retired when I knew him, used to come up into our news room in the *Chronicle* in Oakland and spend an hour or two swapping stories with Stu. They were always good stories. One of the best ones I remember had an aftermath that broke the window behind Stu Masters' chair.

Gid told the story. It appeared, as he related it, that in one of the off-years in national politics, that is, between two presidential elections when the incumbent in the White House is praying for a return of his party to majorities in the House and Senate, the Republicans were a bit fearful of what might happen to them. Maine was troubling the party. The campaign managers decided to send Senator Tom Reed down East to spell-bind the farmers and save a certain district. It seems that the farmers were somewhat annoyed that nothing had come of promises made two years before regarding farm relief legislature. Tom Reed knew the complaints and he knew by name every man who sat before him. He had to bring something concrete and pointed to do his job right. He had to hit them, as it were, right where they lived. He had an idea he could do this. After trying to explain the reasons for delay at Washington he said with proper irritation:

"Why, if you send a cow down to Old Man Thompson's bull, you don't expect her to come back with a calf."

This was pretty conclusive stuff and there was silence for a moment. Then a good old down East voice broke out from the crowd:

"Mebbe we don't, but we expect her to come back with a satisfied express-shun."

There was an appreciative laugh all round in the *Chronicle* office at this and then a brief spell of silence waiting for the next story. Breaking this silence came the patter of feminine feet below and there appeared at the head of the stairs the society reporter. She wore a broad grin.

"What are you smiling about?" Gid Davis asked her.

"Oh, this is merely a satisfied expression," she said. It was then that Stu Masters threw himself back with a roar, his chair went out from under him and he put his head through

the office window.

It was while I was working for Stu Masters in the Oakland office of the *Chronicle* that I was offered the job of "city editor" of the *Modesto Evening News*, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. This was a big job, or so I thought, and actually good pay for that day. I don't remember how it happened to be offered to me. But it was, and I went. I was twenty-four years old and thought I was already a big newspaperman. I envisioned a big staff under me and myself a Stu Masters. Little did I dream then that never in all my life could I be a Stu Masters.

When I reached Modesto I found that my staff included myself and a young fellow who did sports. And his name was Christ although he didn't pronounce it that way.

It appeared that the paper had been involved in litigation in an estate and had just been purchased by a man named Perigo who was an assistant postmaster in Oakland. It was probably from Perigo that the offer came to me, although I am not certain. Perigo knew nothing about a newspaper, but had one of those queer desires to own one which come occasionally to men wholly unsuited for such a role. He was a good man, as I remember him, and he used to stand behind the counter in the business office and engage anyone who came in in conversation and bring in to me items about somebody painting his barn, or buying a new batch of chicks, or plowing up an acre or two of worn-out grain land to try alfalfa.

In editorial charge was John T. Bell, a veteran Oakland newspaperman who was then well along in his seventies. Quiet, conservative, a product of the old school, he did not approve of my plans to make the *News* a rip-snorting daily.

We had a pony Associated Press service, about a thousand words in skeleton which we could stretch to three thousand by filling in the articles and connectives which were eliminated on the wire. Out of this one day in my first week I found reason for spreading across the top of the front page form in 120-point type: "IT LOOKS LIKE WAR IN THE FAR EAST." Then I went out to lunch. When I returned I found that Mr. Bell had calmed this down to "DOES THIS MEAN WAR IN THE FAR EAST?". I immediately changed it back to the original wording. When the paper came out Mr. Bell had a talk with Mr. Perigo and next day it was announced that he had resigned and was on his way back to Oakland.

(To be continued)

A SCHOOLHOUSE AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF ON THE BIG SUR ROAD

THESE children will have ever
An unearthly look;
They will be reading and their eyes will make
Windows of a book.

Words will be rubrics,
Symbols of the vast;
They will contrive a mystic union
Of present and past.

Conditioned to eternity too young,
These children will attempt to hide in vain
Strangeness, who, even as they stand or walk,
Inhabit definition with disdain.

—EDITH ARNSTEIN

A CALIFORNIA TOWN

BY SARA E. REAMER

I HAD expected to take one look at the country we were going into, shake my head with a patronizing, condescending nod and say, "Pretty, of course, my dear, but it doesn't compare with Carmel."

The first hint I had that we were reaching Sawyer was a strong scent of ocean, carried inland by a southwest sea breeze. We had driven through miles and miles of redwood forest when suddenly, as we rounded a bend in the road and started across the bridge, there was the pounding ocean. It seemed inconceivable that here, so close to dense timberland, was the sea. I forgot what I had meant to say about it not comparing with Carmel and gasped.

At one time, years ago, a town had been built on stilts by the side of this river. Here had lived those who worked in the timberland, with their families. Logs were floated down the broad, swiftly flowing, turquoise river, then shipped out on freighters. But the town had long since burned and the inhabitants had lived in rowboats until they had built up the new town: Sawyer.

Sawyer is two or three miles south of the bridge, built on the flat above the cliffs that stop the sea. The cliffs are high, steep and rugged. The sea that they keep back is wild and rough. Contrasting this, lie the simple yet dramatic hills behind the town. The austerity of the scene is gripping, breath-taking. True, there is no Point Lobos; but better than that, there is no Pebble Beach golf course, no Pebble Beach Lodge. And it's quite impossible to visualize imaginatively either of these in this setting. There is the predominant hope that they shall never mar such untouched beauty. Although civilization stepped in here, it stepped in naturally, gracefully, fittingly.

I couldn't believe the town when I first saw it: plain, wooden houses, paint chipping off all of them except on those where it has fallen away entirely. The town is, I was later told, divided by the post office. Those living north of the post office are the elite; those living south are the proletarians—mostly Italians. This is practically a ghost town. What was once a booming, industrial lumber town is now nothing: seventy people, including those living on surrounding ranches, just existing. The depression came along and closed down the mill and now hardly anyone is left. Just prior to the crash the Greenwood Inn was remodeled and enlarged—but never used. It just sits there now: a big square building, hardly any paint, empty. A sign on the door says: "For Rooms Enquire Next Store." The next store where one enquires is seemingly deserted, too, but here, I presume, you can find lodging for the night. If you can pay, you do; if you have no money, you may stay anyway.

When the town was blooming there were twenty-one saloons; there are still two—on the South side. Reuben's General Store and Reuben's Restaurant are one, and in the restaurant is the saloon. On the porch of Reuben's sit a couple of old men smoking their pipes and talking about the town when—Tied to the hitching post in front of the store stand two shaggy old horses, waiting for their riders to finish their drink, their smoke, their talk of the past. Automobiles are seldom used here; horses are still the means of conveyance.

The whole story is here: the beginning; the rise; the fall,

the end. Once everyone was working and happy. The man who owned the mill hired many workers and paid them as well as he needed to. The depression came; the mill closed. The mill owner didn't understand exactly what had happened but he had accumulated enough money so as to be only surprised, but not broke. The workers didn't understand what had happened either but they did understand hunger. No more jobs for them. That was years ago. The mill is there still, all its machinery intact as the day it stopped running. The pier going out to sea, where the boats were loaded, still stands—a little rickety now, the rails on which ran the cars rusty and out of line, some planks missing. The cable by which lumber was lowered into the boats is rusty now, splitting in parts.

Almost all of the workers with their families moved away, out of the little red company houses, on the south side of Sawyer. Now these dwellings stand deserted, roofs sagging, moss and fungus adding to their weight. Hardly a window in any of them is not broken. Papers bearing dates of the 90's still stuff up a few cracks in the walls. Many of the doors stand ajar, having warped to such proportions as to spring their hinges. Parts of fences that closed in each yard remain, but only parts. One house had a whole fence around it, and this bent so close to the ground that only strong vines of wild creeper held it up, supporting it while slowly strangling the pickets.

In some of these old company houses the Italians now live. A few miles to the south of Sawyer peas are raised and the Italians eke out a bare living picking them. Few of them speak English, but they all smile pleasantly and walk out of their houses to lean over their sagging fences and talk to a stranger.

Some of the town folk think the mill will start up again one day, but even these few have become rather skeptical about the prospect by now. If you ask about it, they will look at the mill, at the town, and sigh. They don't know much about the rest of the world, that it's having a tough time, too. They haven't much hope of Sawyer ever booming again.

Some of the men and boys work in the new mill that's started recently. They work for their board and room. If it pays, they are to be paid—but no one much thinks it will pay. Even the kids don't think it will pay.

There are two streets, Booneville Avenue and Booneville Way. I was walking along the main street on my way to the pier. Not knowing the road I asked two elfin little girls about seven or eight playing on the lumber piles. The piles must have stood for years as they still stand. They shyly answered that they'd walk along with me. Each took one of my hands in her grimy little paw. Shirley, aged eight, soon forgot her shyness. She told me her brother and father worked in the mill, "up the way a piece". "That's fine, isn't it?" She shook her head and said, as though she had decided she would never have a pretty doll, "Oh, I don't know. I guess it won't last long."

They strolled along the boards, balancing on the rails every now and then, not letting go my hands, chattering like old ladies about "how the town used to be". They have heard their mothers and fathers talk of the good old days.

As we approached a shaky part of the trestle Sue said her mother had told her not to go out there. They let go my hands and went back, slowly, swinging sticks, and looking

back every now and then. I turned and waved and watched them out of sight.

(This landscape by Miss Reamer will be concluded next week.)

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF WAR

BY CAVENDISH MOXON

WAR is a peculiarly human phenomenon. In other animals fighting is usually a duel at the mating season; mass slaughter within the species is almost unknown; the killing of other species results chiefly from hunger, not hate.

The frequency and destructiveness of human fighting are psychologically explained by the unique development of awareness of the self and the world. The more man feels the importance and the loneliness of the self, the bigger appear the objects that threaten life and security. By the growth of imagination, man is able to anticipate the horror of death. Contrasting his helplessness with the fatal forces around him, primitive man instinctively seizes weapons to kill. By causing the death of an enemy, the terrified savage keeps up his courage and pleasantly feels his ability to escape the fate he inflicts on his foe.

The technics of speech and writing that developed man's consciousness, also increased the desire for social distinction and economic security as a compensation for the new concept of death. This unparalleled development of self-conscious feeling and will not only intensified social and economic ambitions, but also the frequency and destructiveness of fighting.

Though this situation implies a relative and temporary justification of war, we must beware of making an absolute judgment of value. Scientifically regarded, nothing is always intrinsically good or bad. Under certain conditions, war was a necessary product of human aggressiveness; an indispensable means for the preservation of individual and social values. In the preceding paragraphs I have tried very briefly to indicate some of the conditions that made war a psycho-biologically sane procedure.

These were the traditional times of which Briffault has written in *Breakdown*: the pre-scientific age of racial history comparable to the stages of infancy and childhood in the individual. The earlier pre-scientific age seems to have been marked by a magical belief, which in the later period was partly replaced by religious views of the world.

In the days of magic infantilism, primitive man confused dreams and realities. Then they believed in the omnipotent power of their mana to slay their dangerous enemies. Living in a world of giants and bugaboos, the child and the primitive use fighting games as a remedy against unbearable fear. In the succeeding age of religion (as Otto Rank showed) the infantile self-love was projected on divinities who give the victory in duels and wars to their obedient children.

In these periods aggressiveness tends to follow the all or nothing ideal. To the sham fight or competitive game, the primitive prefers the serious encounter with death for the vanquished. Lacking the scientific sense of limited power, such men find it hard to idealize a moderate or a metaphorical aggressiveness. So long as mankind gave all power to themselves or their gods, they could not develop the strictly controlled aggressiveness implied in scientific invention and technic, in

socialist competition and constructive shock brigades. Moreover, the continuous economic insecurity has deprived the masses of the opportunity to develop the cultural and scientific outlets in place of war.

Such partial expressions of the creative and destructive tendencies of the will can prove to be a satisfactory substitute for war only in such groups as attain the necessary economic and ideological development. There must be an economic system and a technical ability that guarantee the sufficient supply of reasonable human demands, and prevent the anti-social aggressiveness of the will to power. There must be an ideology that depreciates the pathological all or nothing ideal of human behavior. The adult belief in relativity must replace the childish faith in the absolute. Aggressiveness is ineradicable, but the desire for war is not an unalterable quantity. It may be stimulated by an infantile, individualistic ideology; it may be moderated by a scientific, socialistic system.

We happen to be born in the stormy period of racial adolescence. There are many signs that humanity is painfully growing up. For the first time in history we have an economic abundance. The traditional cultural and economic system (as Lincoln Steffens remarked) is only adequate in times of ignorance and scarcity. Being powerless to deal with an abundance, it periodically approaches nearer to a complete breakdown. When the minority indulged their infantile will for omnipotence, and the ruled majority accepted their childish dependence, an economic and military ruthlessness favored the strong. But with the development of capitalistic technic and individualistic ideology, the danger of war is a threat to the very life of the species.

From a psycho-biological viewpoint, we are compelled to conclude that under our present conditions war is insane. For psychosis means a regression to an earlier phase of development; a morbid desire to put back the clock. In place of the adult, rational and conscious control of aggressiveness, war puts an infantile fight to a finish; a mass megalomania and a delusion of the demonic desires of the enemy.

In his recent pronouncement on war, Freud betrays his one-sidedly psycho-biological viewpoint. Rank saw that this excessive "biologism" leads to a needless pessimism about the cure of neurosis. By exaggerating the constitutional factor in aggressive behavior, Freud becomes equally pessimistic about the prospects for the cure of war. If one recognizes the consciously controllable economic and ideological factors in war, the advent of peace need not wait for a hereditary change in the organic constitution of the human race.

War is but one expression of the pathological (because antiquated) individualistic system of politics, economics and belief. All who value social and individual sanity should hasten to form a united front against the spread of this deadly social disease; to defend and develop the necessary economic, cultural and ideological foundations for peace.

THE THEATER

FAIRIES, ANGELS AND BUTCHERS

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

HOLLYWOOD, always too cagey about the box office gamble with subtleties, has carefully removed most of them from "The Good Fairy" (Orpheum). But the film, if you are willing to forget Molnar and enjoy a bit of elegantly executed slapstick, somehow becomes a rare hour of light entertainment, far superior to the die-stamped gew-gaws that usually roll off the film factories' conveyor belts.

This is due to a certain suavity of direction and to the completely ingratiating performances of Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall, Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen. Miss Sullavan has a peculiarly fetching style of acting and a personal charm that gains potency with acquaintance.

She appears as a romantic young girl emerging from an orphan asylum with two great resolves. One is to beware of "the male gender" and the other is to be a good fairy and do a good deed whenever the opportunity offers. Her scrupulousness in following the former gives her her big opportunity to do the latter. When the attentions of Millionaire Frank Morgan cause her to pretend that she has a jealous husband, Morgan impulsively decides to make the husband wealthy.

It becomes necessary for her to find a husband, and in desperation she flees to the telephone directory, shuts her eyes and puts her finger on the name of Marshall, an honest and starving young lawyer. Morgan sees to it that he becomes a prosperous corporation attorney and Miss Sullavan sees to it that he shaves off his beard. Eventually, of course, she marries him.

The film is full of amusing situations and aside from occasional lapses into the Keystone brand of slapstick (of which I am an ardent admirer, but which I object to mixing with Molnar) it makes a pretty gleeful bit of relaxation, even for the sophisticated moviegoer. The best scene is that of Miss Sullavan reveling in the luxury of a foxine fur before a series of mirrors which makes her look like a "Pollies" chorus at rehearsal and then not recognizing Mr. Marshall when he emerges from the barber's without his beard.

THE only legitimate attraction in San Francisco is a breezy farce-comedy called "The Party's Over", in which the Alcazar company is cavorting to the pleasure of its clientele.

The comedy, which was a Broadway success only recently, recounts the tribulations of a small-bourgeois family striving to face an epidemic of marriages and the depression simultaneously. The oldest brother, played with éclat by Walter Bonn, is supporting the ménage with a brokerage business and trying to find the opportunity to wed a divorcée.

His plans are much upset when his younger sister and brother get married and bring their spouses home to roost. With his father the hopeless victim of the rocking chair and mother an arrogant D.A.R. he takes what seems the only way out. He deliberately wrecks his own business, weds his beloved and lets the rest of the tribe shift for itself.

The play is amusing and for the most part knowingly acted by Director Harold Helvenston's company. The author missed

many an opportunity for satire, but accomplished a fairly artisan job within the limits of his imagination. Helvenston's red, white and blue trimmings in the D.A.R. salon are both amusing and ironical—just sufficiently overdone to satirize nicely the spirit of the organization whose members fatuously imagine they wouldn't be Tories if suddenly transplanted back into the days of 1776.

I HAVEN'T been able to get around to the business of seeing "Clive of India", but I have before me a rather comprehensive report furnished by stool pigeons whom I spirited into the United Artists. From these I conclude that the film is too utterly ridiculous to waste time on. It begins like a Horatio Alger classic and ends up by glorifying—to the tune of many a trumpet blast—the bloodiest butcher ever set upon a suffering people by the empire upon which we hope the sun shall soon set. Moreover it attempts to make the gory Clive attractive in the person of Ronald Colman.

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

THE arrangement of Harold Bauer's program in San Francisco on February 18th was a stroke of genius. After a Haydn group containing the F-minor *Theme and Variations*, he played the Brahms sonata in that key and one of the Schubert F-minor *Impromptus*. This sounds as if it might have been monotonous, but of course Bauer saw to it that it wasn't; the recurring tonality made rather for unity. The Haydn and Schubert brightened an otherwise dark program which contained, besides the pieces just mentioned, César Franck's *Prelude, Chorale and Fugue*, and *La Cathédrale Engloutie* and *L'Isle Joyeuse* (the island of Bali) by Debussy.

Except that at first it was hard to accustom one's self to the enormous tone of Bauer's Baldwin, which really sounded like two pianos, with an unexpected reedy quality in the middle register, the evening was one of unmitigated delight. In the lobby there was a lady accompanied by a gentleman who had dined very well, and who seemed to view with faint dismay the prospect of negotiating the wide expanse of parquet between the door and the auditorium. He proposed to return to his liqueur but she protested. "Will, do come along, you're sure to enjoy it. You know how easy it is to listen to Bauer." The Brahms sonata, really a very long composition, drew the audience to such heights by a superb performance that all consciousness of time was lost, and it was indeed made "easy to listen to". The long *andante* was of such perfect beauty that at its close the audience sighed softly as one man with regret that it was over.

Bauer's most powerful spells are not reserved for musicians alone because his dramatic sense never lets him lose sight of the endurance of his listeners, and his use of tone color and contrast serves to lay bare the structure of a big work before the merest novice. Intellectual power to this degree is rarely seen in combination with romantic warmth and a lyric gift; but Bauer has them all and in addition a special nameless

magic which literally weaves a spell.

The shorter pieces were a reminder that where Hofmann makes of such things charming poems set each in a single mood, Bauer presents a whole drama in one act—another illustration of the classic temperament versus the romantic.

A conspicuous feature of a Bauer concert is the cheerful freedom from nervous tension that characterizes his audiences as they go out. High-pitched excitement and indifference are alike lacking and the impression of *release* which results from emotional catharsis is quite distinct.

IT LOOKS as if Fürtwangler may after all return to Berlin. At the time of his resignation, Goebbels made a speech designed to explain the circumstances in which he spoke of the atonal noise of Hindemith's compositions. This is sad but Goebbels is not a musician and most music seems to sound noisy today to a German politician. It is much sadder to read (in the *Musican Courier*) that Richard Strauss sent Goebbels a telegram congratulating him upon his stand against Hindemith. This is the sort of tactics which have made it possible for Strauss' grandson, whose mother is Jewish, to be designated an *Arwan* with all the rights and privileges in Nazidom thereby implied.

LAST Sunday's Philharmonic broadcast, the second in the Brahms series conducted by Toscanini, included Brahms' violin concerto played by Jascha Heifetz. This performance made a revealing contrast with the recording of the same work by Kreisler, (accompanied by the Berlin State Orchestra under Leo Blech.) Heifetz and Toscanini gave us the classic skeletal Brahms, with an unkind clarity and bare simplicity which sounded light and thin. Kreisler and Blech present Brahms the romantic, making the work sound rich and glowing with a personal warmth which is far more convincing than Sunday's cool perfection.

THE reputation of the Denny-Watrous Gallery for presenting interesting and out-of-the-way attractions is being sustained this week by the appearance there of the Latvian Singers on Saturday evening, March 2. This group of fifteen Russian voices will appear in "Carneval" and in the Great Vespers of the Orthodox Church.

RADIO may not be the best way for America to acquaint itself with Wagner. Still, England made its first acquaintance with *Walkure* (forty years ago) in a performance so lit that all the shadows fell the wrong way, with ill-joined sets having conspicuous stairways cut in the rocks, and sung by a Brünhilde whose trailing skirt, during her mountain climbings, nearly added to the year's list of alpine casualties. Seeing that was no great improvement over seeing nothing. Also, that Brünhilde had curious notions of pitch which subtracted at least as much pleasure as radio distortion does.

—A. H.

MUSIC store statistics on popular music naturally reflect the popularity of film musical comedies. People get used to hearing music who would never dream of entering a concert hall; ultimately they begin to buy copies. The unexpected thing is that film musicales seem to lead people to buy better music. "Symphonic arrangements" and intricate orchestral treatment of cheap themes are gradually breaking down suspicion of intelligent treatment of good ones. Ac-

ording to recently published statistics in *Variety* the correlation between these two items is about plus ninety.

—A. H.

BOOKS

YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE, by Edward Newhouse.
(Macaulay) \$2

THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING
TRAPEZE, by William Saroyan. (Random House) \$2.50
(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

HERE are two books, a novel and a volume of tales, by two members of the post-war generation, the generation that grew up—not "lost", because it never had found itself, but just grew up, with no assured future in society at all. Neither author comes from the upper or middle class; both have graduated from laboring jobs—telegraph boy, bus boy, bellhop, factory sweeper—to writing for a living. Two books—two authors—and two entirely opposed ways of seeing the world and writing about it. Ways which represent the two parts of the world today.

Saroyan is the archetype of "individualist" artist who believes his own experiences and feelings, his own reactions to the objective world sufficient to sum up that objective world. If you know how Saroyan feels about the cold, his typewriter, his first introduction to a Chinese brothel, his adolescence, his looks, his pals, his race, then you will have Saroyan's world. And some of the stories are little gems. "Laughter" is the tale of a boy who laughed in school; as a punishment his teacher kept him in after school and forced him to laugh. It has in it all the pathos, the misery, the wistful tragedy an unimaginative teacher can wreak in a sensitive boy's heart: you can hardly bear to finish it.

There are stories that carry the implications of the causes of things: "Aspirin is a Member of the NRA", "Love", the title story "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze", of the young man fainting from hunger, and the charming little fable at the end, "The Shepherd's Daughter", told by his grandmother, wise in the wisdom of an old race. But Saroyan deals too much in abstractions: he is glib, and when he rattles off his now familiar list, death, life, love, man, myself, the earth, or not death, not life, not love, not myself, the earth, misery, rats, artists, and so forth—(you find them all the way from *Red Book* to a letter in *New Masses*, from this magazine to *Aperitif*)—when he's rattled off that list it leaves you with about as much emotion as the housewife's list: kippered herring, washing soda, grated cheese, broccoli. Really, Mr. Saroyan, there is more to writing than that.

And that's what makes you mad with this dashing young man on the typewriter keys, as the *New Republic* calls him. He can write, he has a feeling for words, he has imagination, emotion, and endless vitality: he is affirmative, in the sense Marie Welch says Paul Engle is affirmative. He loves life and finds it good and is glad he is alive. But he is a step further in political consciousness than Paul Engle. Saroyan does know what it's about; but he seems to be consciously shielding himself from contacts with and keener knowledge of the social forces of our time. Why? That he may remain that nebu-

lous (and finally uninteresting) object, an "impartial", "individualistic" and (therefore) escapist artist?

The above-the-battle artist is becoming blind to the great forces that actuate and mould mankind, that constitute today the deep-lying conflicts that have always been the stuff of art. Saroyan doesn't have to be blind. He is putting his eyes out.

Edward Newhouse is a young sports writer on the *Daily Worker*. He writes about a newspaper man who also met a world unlike that which most Americans have ever met. Gene Marsay lost his job. And when he started his odyssey in search of another job and did not find it, he embarked on the harder odyssey to keep his self-respect, his girl (a beautiful model for cigarette and soap ads), and an unembittered relationship to his fellow-men. He does not analyze his emotions except fleetingly. He gives you hard, compact, unsentimental descriptions of what his herd saw and went through, and the people he met. He comments very little. But in every line the comment is implicit. He has the modern ethics of the younger generation. There is a chasm between him and a young man of ten or fifteen years ago.

You find out from this book what bourgeois marriage really is; for Gene Marsay's girl loves him, but you can see that there is no question of starting a ménage, founding a family, having a home and servants and a household. Their world isn't like that. They lie together when they find a room; and if there's no room, they must go to the Park. The Vice Squad picks them up, and that's not pleasant. But it's just one of the incidents of everyday life, like being hungry or unshaven. Then starts the young ex-reporter's search for a place to sleep. He has no money; and he literally cannot sleep. A cop shooes him away from the park bench; another kicks him out of the Grand Central waiting room. At the Public Library, as his head nods in his arm, the librarian comes and shakes his shoulder. It's no longer a search for something to drink (as hounded our best people in the prohibition era); nor for something to eat (as has hounded millions of Americans since 1930); it's a search for a chance to shut your eyes and sleep. That search drives home painfully how much we take for granted, every minute of our lives, and how these things that we think are as natural as the air and the sun itself are coming to be as difficult to attain for some Americans as were food and shelter for Robinson Crusoe. (The American Legion should be glad; the misery in America must be developing the ancient virtues of pioneer days; at least, if it doesn't, the race may die out.)

Marsay goes and lives in a Hooverville for a few weeks and draws a picture of his companions there, hard, simple, straight. They aren't angels just because they're poor, nor are they shiftless rascals and agitators because they have to "work the stores" to get food. They're just people, almost impervious to political organization. It is with great tact and skill that Newhouse introduces his communist organizer, and shows him as just another guy, too, one who happens to have a bug that there is a way out and that all this doesn't have to be.

The story of the strike outside the Berkeley-Stelton hotel is told in a masterly way from the little picketers' point of view. In the paragraphs describing the hotel guests stepping from Packards and walking with their heads up "as though they were looking at the Aurora borealis", while Gene and Chuck and the little Garcia girls shiver on the picket line, one is brought up sharp to the hopefully fond American dream that there are no classes.

The dialogue is crisp, quick, vigorous, economical, and so

American in its idiom that it is sometimes as hard to understand as Sinclair Lewis. One wonders what, for instance, a Max Eastman will say to this book, having delivered himself of such comments about the young American proletarian writer as "(a person) kowtowing toward Moscow in a position which leaves nothing visible but his rump".

This book invites comparison with another description of the American scene: John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*. But O'Hara (of the *New Yorker*) describes the futility of upperclass lives without showing why they are futile; he describes an apex without reference to its base. Newhouse knows enough about his subject to have his economic and political views not extraneous, propaganda to be introduced clumsily, somehow, to "drive home the lesson". He cannot write about any phase of life or people without its background, motivations and explanations being explicit. He is that new thing they are trying to develop in the soviet society of Russia: a social artist. And so his book, while not yet as great a novel as he will write, carries a picture of our world with the factors that really move human beings.

MY NEXT BRIDE, by Kay Boyle (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Anne Nash)

THIS is the story of a young American girl who becomes identified with an American colony in Paris. The *raison d'être* of this colony is Sorrel, who with his tunics, his sandals, his weaving and block prints, his yearning for Cyprus where he lived and flourished for a time, reminds us irresistibly of Isadora Duncan's brother, Raymond. He preaches the cult of naturalism, asceticism and freedom; really, the colony which he fosters is sordid, dirty and imprisoned in the most abject and revolting poverty. Against this gloomy background is projected Victoria, the American girl who wants to paint, and we follow her shadowy wanderings much as we would follow the wanderings of someone we saw upon a screen; our interest absorbs us although the character never comes to life.

Not one of the characters ever quite comes to life. In spite of Kay Boyle's sharpness of detail, precision of language, wealth of metaphor, the people that move across her screen never emerge, full-bodied, with dimensions. We cannot see them in the round. Victoria, herself, floats away from us, and so does her mad lover, Antony; just as we feel we might begin to shape them for ourselves, they slip from our consciousness and leave us floundering once more. They speak to each other strangely as people do in dreams, and much that they say is not to be understood.

In spite of this the book is poignantly alive in another sense. Through it we glimpse the author's sharpened vision; she sees minute detail and is extraordinarily aware of physical sensations, which she conveys to us in sharp and pointed phrases. The unsteady haze of intoxication, dull nausea, brutal bodily pain, cold, hunger, revulsion—these she etches upon our senses with acid, and leaves us at the end, I'm afraid, weighted by a feeling of futility. Yet I found the book absorbingly interesting and well worth reading. It conveys very definitely the point of view of the younger writers—Kay Boyle is a little past thirty—and it is important to keep in touch with their point of view. This latest book of Kay Boyle's makes me feel more than ever that she will be an interesting writer to watch. With her sensitiveness and her perception she should create some time a more human document in which the characters emerge as individuals and life itself transcends futility.

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California Coast Trails: a horseback ride from Mexico to Oregon, with illustrations from photographs by the author. 1913.

California Padres and their Missions, written with Charles Frances Saunders. 1915.

California Desert Trails, with illustrations from photographs by the author and an appendix of plants, also hints on desert travelling. 1919.

The Penance of Magdalena and Other Tales of the California Missions. 1920.

Our Araby: Palm Springs and the Garden of the Sun, illustrated from photographs by the author, with a descriptive list of desert plants. 1920.

The Seven Arts

Booksellers to Central California

THIS SHOP AND THAT

LUCY BROWSES AROUND on the MONTEREY PENINSULA

THE PENINSULA in miniature is being shown this week at THE AZTEC STUDIO SHOP in framed watercolors so small their relation to full-sized landscapes is that of the gem-like miniatures by Peale and Malbone to life-sized portraits by Gilbert Stuart... "E. S." is their modest signature, that of a local artist... "Wind-blown Cypress, Monterey", "Poppies and Lupine", "Midway Point, Monterey", and "Desert Verbena" are titles of some of these bits of California color... Each is framed in narrowest black... Their price is \$1.

o o o o

Tea in the garden or in the Cozy Corner of THE WOMEN'S EXCHANGE, Monterey, is only one of the activities at this unusual shop which is "helping women to help themselves", as Mrs. Elsie Moore Young, its manager, explains. No names are given with the handiwork you buy, though you sometimes thirst to know whose skilful fingers wrought the bedspread's knitted lace with infinite care. You would like, you feel, to send her an appreciative word. One gifted exchange member dresses French porcelain dolls in exact duplicate of Godey's Lady's Book figures of 1865. (I want to give you a special paragraph about these dolls some time.) Others members whose talent is cooking keep a shining glass showcase filled with delicious cakes and other dainties.

The Russian Tea-room is now under the management of the Exchange on shop premises. Its current specialty is in tempting you to solve the always interesting mystery of yourself by means of readings given with your tea by Mrs. Reita Cole. You had best telephone ahead (8318 Monterey) that you are coming, for some who would lift the curtain of the future have had to come back next day.

o o o o

AT THE GAME COCK there's a rumor of some new silk stockings being on their way. Mrs. C. Halsted Yates, whose shop this is, could not be induced to set a definite date for their arrival but it's just possible a look into these columns a week from now may lead your feet into proper silken paths.

Meantime, the Bloch Frères handkerchiefs of such rare distinction

which the GAME COCK has been showing in the window these last few days will be retired from public view. But their careers will continue in a corner quite accessible if you have been tardy in getting around to these beautifully designed handkerchiefs with two addresses, no less, of their own—2 Park Avenue, New York, and Rue de Lazare, gay Páree.

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AFTER-DINNER coffee for four is amusing as well as satisfying when served from cups with white handles, each cup of a different color. At BAKER'S GIFT AND BABY SHOP, Alvarado Street, Monterey, a black tray holds small cups and saucers of black, azure blue, lemon yellow and deep green. The metal tray, in dull black finish, costs \$1.50 and the four cups, \$3.40.

All the babies of our acquaintance being at the moment bonneted, coated, and booted we passed by the shop's really fine collection of Things For The Small Person and continued among the gift attractions. A mirror-and-cactus centerpiece at \$3.75 is outstanding, white cactus petals and green leaves of cellophane and the flat, rectangular mirror with all four corners clipped. A twin bottle set at \$7.50 for liqueurs in cobalt blue and clear glass, with odd-shaped glasses, beckons you... And there's a sea-goin' tray in sea-blue that has waves and a ship with bellying sails.

o o o o

POP ERNEST himself is no longer among us, superintending master-chef meals of sea-food at the famous waterfront restaurant opposite the custom house, Monterey, but his two sons are carrying on, with all the care and skill they learned from Pop during the sixteen years this picturesque restaurant was being made one of the most popular on the coast. Native fish only, fresh-caught, is served.

Abalone is a prime reason for the fame of this eating-place which overlooks Monterey Bay. Pop Ernest was abalone chef at the old Hofbrau, San Francisco, in his younger days. March 15, first day of the abalone season, is getting pretty close at hand now.

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